



"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,—TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1804.

ESSAYS.

THE PASSENGER—No. XIII.

I TOOK lodgings at a decent boarding-house, kept by a widow lady, whose family appeared to consist of a son and daughter, besides the boarders and domestics.—One of the boarders was a man pretty well advanced in years, in whose manners I discovered something of singularity, immediately upon my arrival. After taking a turn abroad, to deliver some letters, and commente the introductory chapter of my business, I returned to my lodgings, and found this man engaged in conversation with another, who had called on him to solicit a small subscription for the present relief of a distressed neighbor. The humor of the lodger, discovered itself during this conversation, in so rough a style, that I shall distinguish him by the name of Mr. *Blunt*. Why, said he, what the devil business has this man to want charity? I knew him five and thirty years ago, and he was then as active and industrious as a beaver;—faith, if it had not been for his labors, these United States would never have been such; they would at this moment be subjugated colonies. At that time, and long after, he published a paper, which infused the spirit of liberty throughout the continent, and prepared the nation to assert their natural right to independence.—And now, forsooth, a little paltry charity is requested for this same man, among the same people.—By heavens! he deserves a bed of down from their eye-brows;—The eccentric idea of collecting a bed of down from the eye-brows of the people, set me into a broad laugh—*You may laugh said he, but it is true*—which he confirmed with an expletive. I doubt not its truth, said I, but the singularity of your ideas struck me more forcibly at the moment, than the poor man's necessities.—And further, said he, this same neglected being, whose shivering limbs are now beating time to his wants, over two brand's ends, assisted the public treasury, at the time of its lowest ebb, with every dollar he could raise, and now behold, Mr. Gripe and Mrs. Clinch are solicited for a few icicles from the evedrops of their freezing charity, to help the man to warm himself.

Well, said the visitor, you intend to add your name to this list, do you not? Yes, said *Blunt*; and taking the paper, he wrote his name, and added to it these words, "*as much time, as it would require to attend his funeral.*" What! said the other, on reading it—Do you only subscribe to attend his funeral? Look again, said he, and you will see that I have subscribed for as much time as that would take; but I do not intend to wait until he is dead, to do him a service, I'll serve him if I can, while he lives, for I would rather do the man a benefit, than honor his corpse. Now, continued he, this man was so active a character, during our revolutionary war, and was so well respected, that it is probable there will be as many as three hundred people at his funeral, whenever it shall be—If these three hundred persons would spend as much time for him now, while he lives, they might do him a kindness, of which he would be fully sensible—but if they let it alone until he is dead, he will know nothing about it and never will thank them for the favor.—This man has a son, who is an active young man; and if he had the means of supporting his father, the old man would want nothing. Before I sleep, I will write a petition, for this son to be appointed to some public station, which shall smooth the rugged path of declining age. I will spend as much time in obtaining signatures to this petition, as I have subscribed for. I will engage a number of those who would spend half a day to see him buried, to spend as much time in collecting names to my petition, and then they may leave his bones to the care of the sexton, if they choose. In this way I will add a string of names at the bottom of my petition, to a string of arguments in the body of it, which will, if I foresee rightly, insure to young *tyte*, a fair impression, and decent *finis*, for the last sheet of his father's life.

The humor of the man, and his philanthropy, excited a glow of satisfaction in the countenance of the petitioner, who went off with out a cent, in better spirits than would have been produced by a liberal subscription.

The reader must indulge me with a digression, to inform him, that on my coming to the same place, in my returning

route, I found that Mr. *Blunt* had performed his promise; that he had taxed a number of persons with half a day of their time, to carry the petition round, engaging them to take this task instead of "spending as much time for the man after he should be dead." He had succeeded in obtaining an appointment for young *tyte*, as he called him; and the old man is now living as comfortable, as he could in the possession of a fortune.

The singularity of the conversation and the circumstances, naturally led me into a train of reflections on the powerful influence of those qualities which render human beings dear to each other. Of these qualities there is no one which holds so strong a claim on the affections of mankind, as benevolence. Whenever this appears, we feel an immediate attachment to him who possesses it, without waiting to inquire into the source of that attachment, or searching for further characteristics. In the commencement of the conversation, the harsh, not to say rude manner of the speaker, had given me a prepossession of disgust. On his further advancement, it appeared to me that folly was added to his rudeness: and I found myself engaged in adding contempt to aversion. At the close of the discourse, these hasty impressions had entirely disappeared, and were supplanted by a real esteem and sincere affection. On searching into the cause of this revolution of my sentiments, which a few minutes had produced, I readily discovered that all which was disagreeable in the manner of the man, was but as the light dust of the balance when brought in competition with the spirit of benevolence which marked his design. With a wish that the regard he had excited, might not be allayed with an idea that any part of his observations were trifling, I next canvassed his remarks; and the more I examined, the more I was disposed to approve of them, until I began to feel ashamed of condemning as ridiculous, what had its principles in the immutable laws of truth. [*Bost. Mag.*]

SCRAP.—*Pytheus*, the daughter of *Aristotle*, being asked which was the most beautiful colour, answered—that of modesty.

FOR THE HIVE.

TO LUCY AND OUR SEX.

THERE are some workmen who have so little skill in their occupation that they spoil and render useless the best materials. *Lucy* who professes cap-making—last week worked for the whole town. She made a cap—but she was not as fortunate as the *limner*, who after he had painted his picture, could always find some person whom it resembled. The *painter* was versed in physiology, but *Lucy* knows not the shape of the human head.

We female philosophers are sometimes very unfortunate in our philosophy. *Lucy*, no doubt, has been in the schools. I must, however, beg leave to differ with her in opinion. My master taught me to believe that, *unintelligible morality* was not included in ethics.

Lucy laments the evils of society—she wishes to remove the muddiness of the stream by digging at the fountain. I heartily join my lamentations with those of my *Dear Lucy*, and if loud *croaking* will affright these pests of harmony, the blest tranquility of society shall be restored.

Know then, ye *fair-ones*, that “the coquette is the most despicable being in existence.” She wants those finer feelings of the soul which characterize and exalt the great and the good. She wants—but *Lucy* and myself both say she is a “despicable being”—and a despicable being wants nothing but correction and reformation.

My fellow-fair, the reason why I now join my labors with the lucubrations of *Lucy* is, lest you be led into error; and instead of being what you are, NO COQUETTES, *Lucy*’s strong reasoning will make you all, hypocritical vendors of perverted love.

Lucy rails at you for giving a preference to one or a certain class of men. Now preference and marked decision never entered into the composition of coquetry. Be decided in your opinions—be decided in your love—and all the united powers of *Lucy*’s spleen and reasoning, her morality and philosophy, will never be able to imprint upon your fair characters, the black mark of coquetry.

Lucy tells you that lawyers, doctors and clerks, are idlers and squanderers. If *Lucy* should tell you that again, inform her, that truth is a golden trapping, that should ever ornament the breast of a woman.

When women quarrel, secrets perish. *Lucy* and myself were for years in the most intimate habits of friendship. We often philosophized upon the corruptions of mankind. We often talked of love, that noblest, best of passions, to which neither of our hearts are strangers. She hath thought proper to abuse one of those classes of men in which I feel myself much interested. I will therefore tell the reason why she abuses them. *Lucy* is a very sensible and a very

handsome girl. She knows her infirmities, but the violence of her passions will not let her follow the dictates of her reason. She wants a husband very much. She is full of spleen, of sarcasm, of slander. She is a little proud, a little envious and a little hard-hearted. Now experience has informed her better reason that all these unhappy qualities are serious objections with young men in choosing a wife. Her good policy, therefore, suggests to her, that her best chance of getting a husband, is by giving a preference to those who will be least able to perceive her constitutional defects. ADELA.

PATHETIC.

[The subsequent tale is no “vision wove in fancy’s loom,” it is a simple narrative of matter of fact, and the horrible evils of uncurbed passion may here be seen faithfully reflected, as in a mirror.]

“Marriage is sure a matter of more worth
Than to be subject for attorney-ship—
For what is wedlock forced, but a hell,
An age of discord and continual strife!
Whereas the contrary bringeth forth bliss
And is a pattern of celestial peace.”

IN W....., a small village in Saxony, there lived a poor, but honest and upright curate, who, for many years, had enjoyed, without alloy, the tranquil pleasures of domestic happiness. He had a wife and an only daughter. Content within the sphere, in which they were placed, and unacquainted with the turbulent passions of the fashionable world, their days flowed quietly on, in a uniform course of undisturbed felicity. The mother and the daughter took a joint care of all the domestic concerns, and strove, by every considerate act of attention and love, to diminish the burden, which the duties of the good old man imposed on him. Harriot (this was the name of his daughter) was, in the strictest sense of the words, the child after his own heart. He was unhappy if she was absent, even for a few hours, and she was, therefore, his constant attendant. She was about eighteen years old, but had not yet experienced the inquietudes of that passion, which often exhibits itself in very early life in the great world, and her principles and mode of thinking were too noble and good, to inspire her parents with even the slightest apprehensions as to the wanderings of her heart.—But hear her history.

It is the custom, in that country, for the cavalry to be quartered, during the time of peace, in different villages, where it is maintained at the expense of the peasantry. Many of these soldiers are riotous young men, who, by virtue of their profession and uniform, have an entrance into the houses of all the peasantry, and even of the curates. One of them, a handsome but giddy young man, was quartered at W....., where he

soon made the acquaintance of the good old parson.

The young soldier had more culture of mind than is commonly met with in such a class of men. He pleased the curate; they met frequently, and often sat up until past midnight, entertaining themselves with the histories of battles and warlike achievements, of which each of them knew an abundance of anecdotes.

Harriot found great entertainment in the company of the warrior, and like Othello’s mistress, the story of his life, the battles, sieges, fortunes that he had passed, the hair-breadth ‘scapes, the moving accidents by flood and field, o’ercame her heart. Love had taken possession of her bosom before she was aware of its approach. The progress of this passion, when once admitted into the human breast is certain as fate. She blushed, when he took her by the hand, and was unhappy when he left her. The soldier could not resist the beautiful girl—his heart was formed for love! they therefore soon came to an explanation, but carefully concealed their mutual attachment from her parents; for they were justly afraid, that prudential motives would cause them to oppose it. They bound themselves to each other, however, by an oath, which, at the same time that it shewed the strength of their affection, exhibited the most romantic turn of mind. They promised to marry each other as soon as he should attain the rank of sergeant-major, and agreed that the one should destroy the other, who first failed in the engagement.

Thus matters stood, when, contrary to the hopes of the lovers, a lawyer, from a neighboring town, applied to the father of Harriot for the hand of his daughter. He was well received, and his views promoted by the old people; but when his intention was declared to the unfortunate girl, she fell into the arms of her father as if struck with lightning, and, upon her recovery, she wept bitterly, and intreated him not to encourage the addresses of this new lover.

Her parents, being ignorant of the true cause of her aversion, thought that time alone would overcome it, and they therefore gave their solemn promise to the lawyer, and resolved to employ every means in their power to second his wishes. Harriot, however, resisted every argument, and remained true to her promise; but her parents, at last, growing tired of her opposition, determined to employ their authority. The arguments that were made use of are needless to mention, and they were attended with success. The young soldier soon received the intelligence, and from that moment desisted from visiting the personage. His resolution was taken—for without the girl he could not live.

A short time before the marriage-day, a dance was given in W....., in honor of the

air, To this he resorted, unable any longer to resist the desire of seeing his once beloved. He concealed himself among the spectators until he saw her dance; this roused him to a state of fury; he ran home, and took a pair of pistols, which were loaded and waited until the party broke up. It was a dark night, but he discerned the unhappy bride and bridegroom, walking hand-in-hand. He stepped up to her, and, in a low voice, requested that she would indulge him with a moment's conversation. She disengaged her arm from that of the lawyer, intreated him to walk on, assuring him she would immediately return; but alas! it was the last moment of her existence! a pistol shot was heard, and when her friends reached the place, she was seen lying waltering in blood at the feet of her murderer. "Now art thou mine again!" cried the soldier, "our oaths are fulfilled;" and with these words he disappeared, favored by the obscurity of the night; but he did not fly to escape. He delivered himself to the officers of justice, who were nearest the place, and desired to be instantly executed; which event soon followed.

MORAL.

A CLERGYMAN'S LEGACY TO HIS PARISHIONERS.

AS the last advice of a dying friend may have often a better effect than his living advice, I have ordered these few rules, my brethren, to be printed, and distributed among you at my funeral. They contain the sum of what instruction, I may, at different times, have given you.

The great end for which God Almighty sent us into this world, I have often informed you, is to fit us for Heaven. Why, God instead of making us happy at once, thought proper to lead us to a state of happiness in Heaven, through a state of trial in this world, is a question we have nothing to do with.—It is God's pleasure it should be so; and we have only to submit to his means of making us happy, and to take it for granted they are the best. We are to consider ourselves, therefore, as placed in this world, as in a school of preparation to fit us for the next, by laying aside all wickedness; and fitting ourselves for a state of purity. I shall therefore give a few rules to shew you what is chiefly required of us, in our passage, through this world.

To God our first duties are owing. As we receive all from God, he has a claim on the utmost of our love and gratitude. Through Him we live—through Him we are preserved—and through His mercy we are redeemed, by the atonement of Christ from the evil consequences of sin. To Him, therefore, we should shew our gratitude by daily prayer. Make Him your friend, by a good life, and through faith in the merits of a blessed Redeemer, you may hope to be

accepted by Him. He will support you, when every thing else fails.

Whoever neglects the church can have little regard for religion; and he who neglects the sacrament, can have as little for the dying commands of that Saviour, who died for his sins.

Never let an oath come out of your mouth. As there is no temptation to swear, it is in fact doing the Devil's wages for nothing.

Be honest and fair in your dealings. Tricking and cheating serve only a *present* occasion. They never turn out well in the end. Consider also that if you are in any parish office, it is as unjust to cheat the parish, as to cheat a neighbor. Indeed, it is worse, as you break a trust.

Take care not to get a habit of drinking. As drunkenness includes every vice and folly, nothing is more offensive to God. The man is turned into a beast. Consider also that there is no vice more easily learned. A few times going to the ale-house will form a habit.

In your meetings with each other, never speak ill of those who are absent; be not rough and abusive to those who are present; and never defile your lips with lewd and filthy discourse. Such discourse shews you have corrupt hearts yourselves, and tends to corrupt others.

Be industrious in your callings. Do the best you can yourselves; but leave the event to God.

In your families be kind and gentle. Spend what you earn, at home, not on yourselves. Instruct your children as well as you can—and, above all things, set them a good example. If the father lets his son hear him swear, or see him get drunk, or cheat, he must not wonder if his son turns out ill.

Young men who have the same wages as those who have families, ought to lay by a little every week. It will teach them to be frugal, and enable them, when they have families, to furnish a house.

Do these things, and you will be happier in this world than wickedness can make you; and I hope we shall all meet again together in a blessed eternity hereafter; which is the sincere prayer of

Your affectionate Minister,

WM. GILPIN.

Vicar's Hill, 5th April, 1804.

AMUSING.

HUMOROUS ANECDOTE,

Of a celebrated Preacher in Paris, known by the name of
LITTLE FATHER ANDREW.

A QUICK presence of mind often rescues a man from any gross mistake, into which he may have unavoidably plunged; as for instance—The little doctor being to preach one day in the church of his convent, in order

that no part of his time should go by unoccupied, during the prayers previous to the sermon, he was playing a game at cards in his room with an intimate; but the bell ringing for him to mount the pulpit, just as they were in a warm debate about the hands they held, he said, he could not then stay to decide the matter, therefore tucked both up in the sleeve of his gown, for a fair discussion of the matter after sermon.

The subject of his discourse was, the immorality of the times, the two great indulgence of dangerous passions, and particularly of gaming, against which he inveighed with all the warmth and all the zeal he was master of; and both which he could affect to an amazing degree. But when carried away by the torrent of his declamation, on finding the people very attentive to him, he raised up his hands to heaven, to intercede for them, down from his sleeve, that had been somehow loosened by the vehemence of his gesticulation, fell the two hands of cards; which incident made some people look with a pious concern.

The little doctor, whilst others burst into a violent fit of laughter, stunned for a moment at so unexpected a disaster in the midst of a sermon that had gone on efficaciously, be-thought him on a sudden of a stratagem, as he espied a young child not far from the pulpit: he beckoned to it, saying, "Come hither, my dear, gather up those cards, laying on the ground, and bring them to me," which the child did; he then asked the name of each card, which the young one accurately told; he next questioned it about the catechism, of which the almost infant was entirely ignorant. Little Andrew dismissed the child, and looking around the audience, with an air of indignation (secretly triumphing in his heart at the same time) he cried aloud, "Wicked fathers and mothers, is not this a scandalous, and a most flagrant proof of what I have advanced, that in this abandoned, this impious age, nothing is thought of but gambling?—Here is almost an infant that completely knows every card in the pack, is thoroughly learned in the Devil's book, yet is so absolutely ignorant of the book of his salvation! What early sacrifices do you make of the young hearts of your children to the prince of darkness! Ye more than parricide parents! ye betrayers of their precious souls to a miserable eternity!"—He kindled so fast, and fired upon the people so vehemently, that it alarmed the very faculty; and made them depart fully convinced, that what was in itself an unlucky accident, had been a powerful premeditated scheme of the preacher, to rebuke their dissoluteness, and bring them to repentance.—In some years after he divulged how the fact really happened.

Complete files, from No. 1, of the present volume, may be had on application.

BLANKS FOR SALE, AT THIS OFFICE.

POETRY.

FOR THE HIVE.

A SATIRE ON WHISKEY.

INFERNAL whiskey! first distill'd in hell,
Destroys mankind—by it some thousands fell;
It was the nectar modern poets think,
The Stygian liquor Pluto us'd to drink;
By his curs'd art, and pestiferous breath,
Whiskey was sent to ruin us on the earth.
The noble youths of the Olympic games,
Had all their drink from pure and purling streams;
Their constitution sound, their limbs were strong;
Their courage manly, and their days were long.
Brave Nestor liv'd, two hundred years in joy,
And at that age went to the siege of Troy.
The stout October us'd in days of yore,
Is now forgot—base whiskey we adore;
Whiskey, and whiskey-punch, around doth pass,
We scarce perceive its poison in the glass;
And gradually through our veins doth run,
Though slow, it kills as sure as any gun.
The piamator it intoxicates,
And by degrees our souls infatuates.
Quarrels and broils, with broken shins and heads;
It makes the coward fight—no danger dreads.
Excessive drinking whiskey has no rule,
It makes the wisest man become a fool. X.

Messrs. M'DOWELL & GREER,

By giving the following *Cynical Lines*, and the answer annexed, a place in the next number of the HIVE, you will gratify V. Z.

CYNICAL LINES ON WOMAN.

WOMEN are books, and men their readers be—
In whom oft times they great errata see:
Here sometimes we a blot—there we espy
A leaf misplac'd—at least a line awry
If they are books, I wish that my wife were
An almanac, to change her ev'ry year.

Answer—Extempore, by a Lady.

WOMEN are books—in this I do agree;
And men there are, who can't read A B C:
And some, who have not genius to discern
The beauties of the books they wish to learn—
For those an almanac do often hold,
Much more of science than they can unfold.
But, thank our stars, our critics are not these;
The men of sense and taste we always please:
Who know to choose, and then to prize their books,
Nor leave the line direct in search of crooks;
And from these books their noblest pleasures flow—
Although perfection is not found below:
With them we're in a world of error thrown,
And our ERRATA stand against their own.

COMMUNICATED.

JOAN cudgels Ned, yet Ned's a bully;
Will cudgels Bess, yet Will's a cully.
Die Ned and Bess, give Will to Joan,
She dare not say her life's her own.
Die Joan and Will, give Bess to Ned,
And every day she combs his head.

EPIGRAMS.

"ALAS! I'm thirty," said the withering Sue;
Indeed, sweet virgin, what you've said is true.
For thirty years I've heard you say,
"Alas! I'm thirty years to-day."

ON A VICIOUS MAN OF LEARNING.

NATURE has done her part, do thou but thine,
Learning and sense let decency refine;
For vain applause transgress not virtue's rules,
A witty sinner is the worst of fools.

BIOGRAPHY.

SKETCH OF THE LOVELY BUT UNFORTUNATE

MADAME LAVERGNE,

Wife of the Governor of Fort Longway, in the Department of Moselle.

[Concluded from Page 96.]

ONE ray of hope still rose to chase the gloom of deep despondency away. Dumas, one of the judges of the tribunal, she had known in former times; him therefore, she resolved to seek, and in spite of the antipathy his present actions had inspired, implore him to let the trial be delayed. In all the agony of increasing apprehension, she threw herself at this inflexible monster's feet, used all the arguments suggested by affection, only to have the fatal hour delayed. Dumas replied, that it did not belong to him to grant the favor she solicited; neither should he chuse to make such a request of the tribunal; and then increasing the bitterness of disappointment by the insolence of sarcasm, he inquired whether it was so great a misfortune to be delivered from a troublesome husband of sixty, whose death would leave her at liberty to employ her youthful charms more usefully to the state?

Such a reiteration of insult roused the unfortunate wife of Lavergne to desperation. She shrieked with anguish too insupportable to bear; and rising from the posture of supplication, she extended her out stretched arms to heaven, and in a frenzied voice, exclaimed, "Just God! will not the crimes of these atrocious men awake thy vengeance? go, monster!" she cried, addressing herself to Dumas, "I no longer want thy aid: no longer will I deign to supplicate thy pity! away to the tribunal; there will I also appear; then shall it be known, whether I deserve the outrages thou and thy base associates have heaped upon my head!"

From the presence of the odious Dumas, and with a fixed determination to quit a life that had now become hateful to her, Madame Lavergne repaired to the hall of the tribunal, and mixing with the motley croud, waited impatiently for the hour of trial. The barbarous proceedings of the day begin, and the unfortunate Lavergne is called! The jailors convey him thither on a mattress, and a few trilling questions are proposed, to which with difficulty he replies, when the mock trial closes, and the ill-fated governor is doomed to die!

Scarcely had the sentence passed the Judge's lips, when Madame Lavergne cried with a loud voice *Vive la Roi!* In vain the surrounding multitude endeavored to prevent the sound; for the more they tried to deaden its extension, the more vehement were her cries; and she continued exclaiming *Vive la Roi* until the guard forced her away.

So great had been the interests which the distress of this amiable young woman excit-

ed that she was followed to the place of confinement by a numerous throng, who anxiously endeavored to avert the fate which awaited her, by an attempt to drown her cries.

When the public accuser interrogated her upon the motives of her extraordinary conduct, she informed him, she was not actuated either by revenge or despair, but by the loyalty which was rooted in her heart.—"I adore," cried she "the system that you have destroyed; and I expect no mercy from you for I am your enemy. I abhor your republic, and will persist in the confession I have publicly made as long as I live."

To this declaration no reply was made; but Madame Lavergne's name was instantly added to the suspected list, and in a few minutes she was brought before the tribunal where she again uttered her own condemnation, and was decreed to die. From that instant the agitation of her spirits subsided; serenity appeared to have re-possessed her mind, and her beautiful countenance announced the peace and comfort of her soul.

On the day of execution, Madame Lavergne first ascended the fatal cart, and requested, that she might be placed in a position to view her husband's face; that unfortunate husband had fallen into a swoon and lay extended upon a truss of straw, without the slightest appearance of life. The motion of the cart had loosened the bosom of his shirt, and exposed his breast to the scorching rays of a vertical sun, which the amiable wife perceiving, entreated the executioner to take a pin from her handkerchief and unite his shirt—Madame Lavergne's attention was never for one moment directed from the object of her tenderness; and perceiving by the change of his countenance that his senses revived, in soft accents she pronounced his name. At the sound of that voice, whose melody had so long been a stranger to his ears, he raised his eyes, and fixed them on the object of his love, with a look expressive of alarm and tenderness. "Do not be alarmed," said she, "it was your faithful wife who called. We could not live but we shall die together!" The agitated Lavergne burst into tears of gratitude: and his oppressed heart poured forth its soft sensations into that bosom which shared all its sorrows; and though the tyrants would fain have divided them, it was death that joined them in a better life.

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